



## A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN.

## A Page From Her History.

The important experiences of others are interesting. The following is no exception: I had been troubled with heart disease 25 years, much of that time very seriously. For five years I was treated by one physician continuously. I was in business, but obliged to retire on account of my health. A physician told my friends that I could not live a month. My feet and limbs were badly swollen, and I was indeed in a serious condition when a gentleman directed my attention to Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and said that his sister, who had been afflicted with heart disease, had been cured by the remedy, and was again a strong, healthy woman. I purchased a bottle of the Heart Cure, and in less than an hour after taking the first dose I could feel a decided improvement in the circulation of my blood. When I had taken three doses I could move my ankles, something I had not done for months, and my limbs had been swollen so long that they seemed almost putrified. Before I had taken one bottle of the New Heart Cure the swelling had all gone down, and I was so much better that I did my own work. On my recommendation six others are taking this valuable remedy. —Mrs. Morgan, 509 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by all Druggists.

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Specialist. Catarrh and diseases of eye, ear and throat. Glasses fitted.

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re-echoed by everybody, and wherever  
Mary went her progress was a scene of  
triumph. The Two Hundredth was de-  
voted to her to a man. One dance in an  
evening was a thing to be proud of, and  
if she deigned to give any fortunate  
man two he was at once placed upon a  
pinnacle of social superiority.

Finch and Seymour were her most  
devoted admirers and had it all their  
own way in her preference. I won't say  
affections, for I believe she could only  
have looked upon them as two editions  
of the same man, and they were so  
loyal to each other that they appeared  
to have the one special tendresse in  
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The Two Hundredth was about to  
have its great function of the year—its  
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the hunting campaign were entered for  
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the chase, turned to handicapping,  
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Finch and Seymour now, as on other  
occasions, took a foremost place.  
Each of them owned horses rather  
above the average in quality, and each  
had one entered for the regimental cup.  
As I said before, both of them were  
good performers in the pigskin, and it  
was more than probable that if they  
started Captain Seymour's Mousetrap  
(did I tell you that Seymour had just  
got his troop while Finch was senior  
subaltern?) and Mr. Finch's Sorcerer  
would start as equal favorites. The two  
friends did all their training and gal-  
loping together, and I believe that,  
though each intended to ride his horse  
out and do his best, they did not much  
care how they would be placed at the  
finish, so long as one was first and the  
other second.

Of course we expected all our  
friends to come to our race meeting and  
made plentiful provision for their en-  
tertainment. Given the officers of a  
cavalry regiment bent on making holi-  
day; add tents, luncheon, band and a  
fine spring day, and you form a series  
of attractions which will collect people  
from far and near, especially in Ire-  
land. When the day of the meeting  
came, it was all that could be wished.  
There was a bright sun and a soft wind,  
and there had been just a sufficient  
sprinkling of rain overnight to lay the  
dust and make the drive to the course  
delightful, while the few light clouds  
in the horizon were not discouraging  
enough to prevent our fair friends from  
putting on their freshest and prettiest  
toiletts. Coach after coach rattled over  
Carlisle bridge, each with a full load  
and each with a bit of music on the  
box; brakes, carriages and cars innum-  
erable, the jayvies doing honor to the  
occasions by volleys of chaff, and many  
adornments on their light hearted  
selves and their apparently equally gay  
and light hearted, well bred nags. The  
race course was about eight miles from  
the city in the Howth direction, and if  
the day were to have no other pleasure  
the drive down, with occasional glimpses  
of the beautiful bay of Dublin, cele-  
brated in song, was enough of enjoy-  
ment for any one.

We arrived at the scene of action,  
and the business of the day commenced.  
The subalterns' cup was the first event,  
and, I must say, the boys did credit to  
the old Two Hundredth. The senior  
subalterns were lying by for the regi-  
mental cup, and the juniors had the race  
to themselves. It was won by young  
Molesworth, whose round shoulders and  
unconquerably ugly seat had caused  
much conflict of opinion between him  
and the old riding master, but who now  
showed that if he were not destined to  
shine in the menage he had at any rate  
indisputable nerve and enough seat and  
hands to take him over a difficult coun-  
try. He afterward became one of our  
best men on a horse and won equestrian  
honors in many ticklish places. "Then  
came an hour's interval for lunch, but  
of course those who were going to ride  
had to put the muzzle on. I just looked  
into the tent before going to weigh and  
saw Mary Macartney, looking as sweet  
as ever. Seymour and Finch were both  
with her, and she was wishing them  
good luck in their gallop. As they left  
her safely in the colonel's charge I  
heard her say: "Now, mind, I expect you  
two to beat everybody else, and I shall  
be particularly nice to the one who  
wins. I may even give him two dances  
at the castle ball tomorrow night."

The Two Hundredth were pretty  
businesslike in matters of sport, and  
there was none of the fuss and delay in  
the weighing room that too often marks  
the doings of amateur jockeys. Punctual  
to time, the starters fled out of the pad-  
dock. I think there were eight of us.  
Seymour's colors were rose and black  
cap and Finch's blue and red sash.  
Mousetrap and Sorcerer were a long way  
the best of the runners to look at.  
Mousetrap was a big, bony bay horse,  
with rather a slack neck, but the best  
of shoulders, tremendous jumping power  
and a great turn of speed. He required  
a workman to ride him, as his temper

was easily ruffled, but in Seymour's  
hands he generally went like a lamb.  
Sorcerer was one of those excep-  
tional horses that can take a turn at  
anything. He had gone through train-  
ing in the riding school, and on occa-  
sions was the best of chargers. He was  
so good looking that when he had a  
military kit on there was no horse in  
the regiment that looked more showy  
than he did, but the white hairs on his  
chestnut coat and the silvery locks in  
his tail showed the blood of old War-  
lock, and he had a large share of the  
pace, cleverness and staying power that  
marked his great ancestor. As we rode  
down the course I could hear the few  
bookies who were present in the ring  
reckoning up the chances of the field in  
stentorian cries of "5 to 1, bar two." I  
was riding a confidential old hunter  
which was warranted to stand up over  
the country, but I had only entered him  
to make up the race, and unless most of  
the others came to grief I had not the  
smallest chance to be heard of at the fin-  
ish. There is not much difficulty in  
starting a steeplechase, and we all got  
away very well. We negotiated the first  
three or four fences without any casual-  
ties, but then we began to thin out a  
little. Fortescue's hard mouthed old  
jaco went outside the flag at the first  
turn, and he did not manage to stop  
her till she had gone half a mile toward  
Dublin. Wilson and Mackworth fell at  
the water jump, to the un concealed sat-  
isfaction of the crowd which had collect-  
ed there, and there were only five of us  
left. Jacky Thompson was leading.  
Seymour and Finch were riding side by  
side, evidently intending to wait till  
we were nearer home and then come  
to the front and finish together. About  
a length behind them was Percy, and I  
brought up the rear. There was a long  
stretch of grass rather down hill on the  
farther side of the course from the  
stand, and here we began to put on the  
pace. Percy evidently thought it was  
now or never, and that if he allowed  
himself to get too far behind he would  
not be able to push forward again, so  
he made a determined effort and shot  
past Seymour and Finch. I think old  
Mousetrap's temper must have been up-  
set by seeing a horse passing so close. I  
saw him shake his head and try to get  
away from Seymour.

The next fence was a bank, with a  
ditch on the taking off side. It was  
nothing of a place really, but only re-  
quired a little care. Thompson got over  
cleverly, and Percy's horse took the  
whole in his stride. Then came Sey-  
mour, who had hardly steadied Mouse-  
trap, but even so the horse ought not to  
have made a mistake. Perhaps he was  
flurried, or there may have been a  
stump sticking up where a bush had  
been cut away. I don't know how it  
happened, but the horse hit something,  
lost his feet and fell on the bank. Sey-  
mour was all right and got clear at once,  
slipping back into the ditch. I told you  
Finch had been alongside of Seymour,  
and he was close behind him at the fence.  
Sorcerer jumped it beautifully; but, to  
my horror, as he was kicking back at the  
bank I saw the hoof on his off hind  
foot strike the head of Seymour, who  
fell down. Even amid the rattle of the  
horses it seemed to me that I could hear  
the dull crash of broken bone, and I was  
sure that a terrible accident had hap-  
pened. So sure was I that, though one  
does not often pull up in a race, I stop-  
ped my horse, which indeed had not  
now the smallest chance, dismounted  
and ran to pick up Seymour. Poor fel-  
low! I had not been mistaken and could  
almost trace the print of the cruel horse-  
shoe on the back of his head. He was  
nearly senseless and just muttered  
"Cold, cold!" A small crowd had begun  
to collect, and I borrowed a couple of  
frieze coats from two sympathizing  
countrymen, trying with them to cover  
my poor friend, and laid him in as easy  
a position as possible. The race glasses  
at the stand had seen that something se-  
rious had happened, and our good old  
surgeon, Macpherson, came up on one of  
our men who was keeping the ground.  
When he had examined the injury, his  
kind face fell as he said: "I fear the base  
of the skull is fractured. If so, it is  
only a question of hours." Fortunately  
the accident had happened near the road,  
and a carriage was quickly procured, in  
which Seymour was placed and taken  
away by Macpherson.

When I came back to the stand, I  
found that Finch had won the race easily  
and was still quite unconscious that  
his friend was hurt. I did not tell him  
the particulars, but only said that it  
had been thought better to take Sey-  
mour back to Dublin. He pulled a  
wrapper over his racing jacket, jumped  
on a hack and started at a gallop in  
pursuit. Immediately afterward I met  
Mary Macartney. She had a very white  
face and tears in her deep violet eyes  
as she besought me to tell her if the ac-  
cident had been dangerous. I made the  
best of things, but she, I think, divined  
the sad truth and made her mother take  
her home. There was a heavy cloud  
over everybody for the rest of the day,  
and though we got through all the races  
on the card there was little spirit in  
anything, and we were glad when we  
were able to break up. There was little  
chaff or fun on the drive home.

We had a miserable time of alterna-  
te hopes and fears about our comrade,  
but in three days all was over. Finch  
was inconceivable, though fortunately  
neither he nor any one else at the time  
knew that he had been the cause of Sey-  
mour's death. It was always supposed  
that Mousetrap had kicked his master  
in his struggles to recover himself when  
he fell. I have never told the real story  
till tonight, and you will not let it go  
further. Sir Thomas Finch is a great  
swell now, but I don't think he would  
learn without deep pain that, however  
innocently, he was the cause of the  
death of a man by which he got the  
troop that gave him the first start in  
his successful career.

What became of Mary Macartney?  
Oh, she is Lady Finch, and, 'pon my  
soul, I think she is still as beautiful and  
charming as ever.—Pall Mall Maga-  
zine.

## A MOTHER'S HEART.

Within her heart she keeps a place  
Wherein is cherished his pure face  
As first she knew it long ago,  
When life and soul were white as snow.  
Unminding what the world doth say,  
Alone she goes her weary way,  
And he whose path is rough and wild  
Still is to her pure as a child.  
—Minneapolis Housekeeper.

## RACE TO DEATH.

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in Dublin ballrooms, and that year I  
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of the skull is fractured. If so, it is  
only a question of hours." Fortunately  
the accident had happened near the road,  
and a carriage was quickly procured, in  
which Seymour was placed and taken  
away by Macpherson.

When I came back to the stand, I  
found that Finch had won the race easily  
and was still quite unconscious that  
his friend was hurt. I did not tell him  
the particulars, but only said that it  
had been thought better to take Sey-  
mour back to Dublin. He pulled a  
wrapper over his racing jacket, jumped  
on a hack and started at a gallop in  
pursuit. Immediately afterward I met  
Mary Macartney. She had a very white  
face and tears in her deep violet eyes  
as she besought me to tell her if the ac-  
cident had been dangerous. I made the  
best of things, but she, I think, divined  
the sad truth and made her mother take  
her home. There was a heavy cloud  
over everybody for the rest of the day,  
and though we got through all the races  
on the card there was little spirit in  
anything, and we were glad when we  
were able to break up. There was little  
chaff or fun on the drive home.

We had a miserable time of alterna-  
te hopes and fears about our comrade,  
but in three days all was over. Finch  
was inconceivable, though fortunately  
neither he nor any one else at the time  
knew that he had been the cause of Sey-  
mour's death. It was always supposed  
that Mousetrap had kicked his master  
in his struggles to recover himself when  
he fell. I have never told the real story  
till tonight, and you will not let it go  
further. Sir Thomas Finch is a great  
swell now, but I don't think he would  
learn without deep pain that, however  
innocently, he was the cause of the  
death of a man by which he got the  
troop that gave him the first start in  
his successful career.

What became of Mary Macartney?  
Oh, she is Lady Finch, and, 'pon my  
soul, I think she is still as beautiful and  
charming as ever.—Pall Mall Maga-  
zine.

## FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

## New York Stock Market.

New York, Sept. 17.—There were  
some interesting developments in stock  
to-day and there was in addition a ma-  
terial increase in the volume of busi-  
ness, but the activity was at the ex-  
pense of values. Four stocks, American  
Sugar, Whiskey, Chicago Gas and Read-  
ing, figured for 165,000 shares in a total  
of 357,671 shares for the entire list.  
Sugar made the greatest loss, dropping  
from 102 to 97 and dividend of 3 per  
cent. The board room reason for the  
break was that insiders, fearing adverse  
legislation by Congress at the coming  
session, had supplied all bids on the  
recent advance and were prepared for  
anything that might happen in the  
future.

To-day all the old unfavorable re-  
ports about a receivership were made to  
disappear, and this in the excited con-  
dition of the market for stock accel-  
erated the decline. Reading was  
another bear favorite and fell under  
pressure from 20 1/2 to 18 1/2. This stock  
was depressed by the announcement  
that the Earle Olcott plan requires a  
heavy assessment on all the junior se-  
curities. Among the standard stocks a  
steady tone prevailed at the opening  
and subsequently the Grangers and  
Louisville and Nashville scored frac-  
tional gains. Before 11 o'clock, how-  
ever, a sharp raid was made on North-  
west which forced the price down to  
1 1/2 to 1 3/4. This unsettled the whole  
list and when Sugar and Whiskey broke,  
the market gradually declined.

The loss however, was not so impor-  
tant, and, except in Northwest, which  
lost a point or so for the day, the decline  
was merely fractional. On the other  
hand, Northern Pacific preferred and  
St. Paul made slight gains. Chicago  
Gas at one time displayed great strength,  
rising to 72, but later, in sympathy with  
the sensational changes in other indus-  
trial, receded to 70. The market closed  
steady for the railways and heavy for  
the industrials. Not changes in the  
railway list show losses of 1 1/4 per  
cent., Northwest leading. In the in-  
dustrials, however, the loss is 1/2 to 1 1/2  
per cent., except for Sugar, which is 5  
per cent. lower, and Whiskey, which  
lost 3 1/2 points. Total sales were 357,671  
shares. Railway and miscellaneous  
bonds were weak.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent., last  
loan at one and closing offered at 1 per  
cent. Prime mercantile paper, 4 1/2 per  
cent. Sterling exchange firm,  
with actual business in bankers' bills at  
48 1/2 to 48 3/4 for sixty days and 48 1/2 to  
48 3/4 for demand; posted rates, 48 1/2 to  
48 3/4. Commercial bills, 48 1/2 to 48 3/4.  
Bar silver, 63 1/2. Government bonds  
steady. State bonds dull. Railroad  
bonds weak. Silver at the board, 64 bid.  
Norfolk and Western 25.

## Produce and Merchandise.

New York, Sept. 17.—Flour dull,  
weak; winter wheat, low grades, 1.85  
to 2.40; fair to fancy, 2.40 to 2.80; pat-  
ents, 2.65 to 3.10. Minnesota clear, 2.25  
to 2.55; patents, 3.40 to 3.75; low extras,  
1.85 to 2.40; Southern flour dull, weak;  
common to fair extra, 2.10 to 2.30; good  
to choice do., 3.00 to 3.50. Wheat more  
active, easier: No. 2 red, store and ele-  
vator 57 1/2; float, 58; options declined  
1/2 cent., rallied 1/2 cent., fell 1/2 cent. and  
closed weak at 1/2 cent up to 1/2 cent  
down; trading fair; September, 57 1/2;  
October, 57 1/2; December, 60 1/2; May, 65.  
Corn dull; No. 2, 62 1/2 elevator,  
63 1/2 to 63 3/4; float, 63 1/2 to 63 3/4; options declined  
1/2 cent., rallied 1/2 cent., closed steady,  
unchanged to 1/2 cent; September,  
62 1/2; October, 60 1/2; December, 58 1/2;  
May, 67 1/2. Oats dull, firm; options  
moderately active, easier; September,  
34 1/2; October, 35; December 37; May,  
40; spot No. 2, 34 1/2; mixed western,  
36 1/2 to 36; white do. 37 to 40. Hay dull,  
fair; shipping, 45 to 50; good to choice,  
65 to 75.

Molasses, foreign nominal; New Or-  
leans open kettle, good to choice, 27 to  
36, quiet, steady. Peanut oil, quiet. Coffee  
options opened firm, closed steady, 5  
points down to 10 up; September, 13.65  
to 13.80; November, 12.20 to 12.25; Jan-  
uary, 11.90 to 12.00; March, 11.85; May,  
11.80; spot Rio dull, steady; No. 7, 15 1/2.  
Sugar, raw steady, fairly active;  
refining, 3 1/2; refined lower, dull; off A, 4  
11-16 to 4 1/2; standard A, 4 11-16 to 4 1/2;  
cut loaf, 5 1/2 to 5 7/8; crushed, 5 1/2 to 5 7/8;  
granulated, 4 11-16 to 5. Freight to  
Liverpool easier, more doing; cotton  
3-32 pence; grain 1/2 pence.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts,  
bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever  
sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains,  
corns, and all skin eruptions, and pos-  
sibly cures piles, or no pay required. It  
is guaranteed to give perfect satisfac-  
tion or money refunded. For sale by  
Christian and Barbee.

## For Over Fifty Years